

[Interview with Mrs. Bella Ostic]

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Interviews on Eugene Manlove Rhodes

About 500 words.

INTERVIEW ON EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

Interview with Mrs. Bella Ostic, 104 Wilson Avenue, Albuquerque,—

"I've been thinking since you were here the other day about Gene Rhodes, and I thought of a few little things that don't amount to much but I thought I'd tell you anyhow. I found a poem Gene sent to me a long time ago, too. I've had it around so long it got torn, but you can have it if you want it. I wrote to Tucumcari for those others but they don't answer and I shouldn't wonder if my grandsons have gotten into them and destroyed them by this time." Mrs. Ostic rummaged in an old tin box and handed me a tattered piece of paper with some verses on it.

"I was thinking the other day about how a woman by the name of Mrs. Sutherland, from La Lus she was at the time, told me before I ever met Gene that some day he would be a great writer. She had been visiting at the Rhodes and Mrs. Rhodes like to show off her boys and showed her some of Gene's poetry. I sure thought Mrs. Sutherland had made a mistake when I saw Gene. He was the last person I would ever have expected to make

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something of himself. I guess I told you everybody used to think Gene was a fool. Even his mother used to say he was a fool, though she was fond of him, too. "She always thought his brother, Clarence, would amount to more than Gene ever would.

"Another thing I was thinking about—I didn't tell you how he happened to call his horse Docre. Everybody thought that was such a queer name. So one day I asked him where he ever got such a name as that. He said, 'Well, his real name is Devil. But I thought if I went around calling Devil all the time, people would call me on it, so I named 2 him Docre and I can call him Docre as much as I please.' That was the horse that used to throw him so much, and Gene thought the world of him.

"Then I was thinking, too, how Gene always kind of fancied him as a private detective. He was always mixing up in things and making up old arguments. Like that article of his, 'In Defense of Pat Garrett'. Gene was always mulling over old scraps, thinking he could be the one to discover something about them that nobody else had seen.

"The last time I ever saw Gene, we went to the railroad station with him and his wife. When he got on the train, he came back out to the platform, and sang 'nunca mas to ve'. He was always doing some sad thing like that. Such things seemed to appeal to him."